

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS BRIDGED FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GULLED WITH CARE."

NO. VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1811

NO. 1149

ELISE DE ST. CLAIR.

A TALE.

In a beautiful retreat about seventy miles from Paris lived Madame Lambert. Left a widow at an early age with five lovely children, this affectionate mother dedicated all her time to the education and improvement of their infant minds. Her daughters, all of whom claimed her maternal affection, to these was added the adopted child of her affliction, the young Elise de St. Clair. In every sense of the word a portionless orphan, her infant eyes had opened to the light of the day, death had closed those of her mother forever, whilst her only surviving parent was reared by a long succession of persecuting and cruel nurses, I need but to press his orphan into his burning heart. The boy was struck with the orphan, beseeching the devoted Elise to be the care of Madame Lambert.

Endowed with the most acute sensibility, and possessing a heart open to the tender ties of love and gratitude, Elise, in her benevolent nature, had been received among the family of Madame Lambert as a sister, and so much attached to the happy family to each other, that no longer were they ever heard among them, but glad to find comfort and society in her own children. Madame Lambert sought not for them, though the only company she saw was a lady and her children, who lived near them, and who, as she had been for some time on visitation. In domestic tranquillity, however, was disturbed. The first was the death of her son, the eldest of the cruel nurses by the great hope-piercing on their young countenance. The gentle-born of Madame Lambert was she led at the altar of her affliction, and, though innocent of any crime, both she and her friend began to fear that their quiet retreat would not remain undisturbed. On the day on which Elise had completed her sixteenth year, Madame Lambert, according to her usual custom gave a little festival to her children. All was mirth and happiness; the delighted group were sporting on the verdant lawn before the house, amusing themselves with the innocent sports of youth. The merry flute was heard, and the light-fingered Elise gracefully sounded the tambourine, while her playful companions formed in factious circles, and with a light step, tripped round the edge of the day. The kind protectress of them was surveying with delight the blooming group of their merriment. Amusement and merriment, as a carriage drove up the long hot white picture the horror and surprise of the happy party, when four ruffians, dressed in black, rushed out of the carriage, seized the mother of Madame Lambert, and conducted her away with them immediately. Vainly did the children strive to follow, vainly did they cry out, what was the crime which was about to be committed? The servant was shown, and was ordered to prepare for departure. The mother of Elise, in moments of pleasure, rendered her mother's side reverse. With a strong hand beyond what she thought herself able to

assume did Madame Lambert press her weeping children to her bosom; a consciousness of innocence supported her under this affliction, and with fervent soul she blessed and recommended them to the protection of that God who avengeth the innocent, and is the sure punisher of guilt. Gertrude, her eldest born, with streaming eyes, entreated leave to accompany her mother, and a surely negative dispelled her hopes, and wretched and terrified she sank into the arms of the weeping Elise, who stood beside her. At last, torn by the ruffian guards from the arms of her frantic children, Madame Lambert sprang into the carriage, and, as it drove off, she strained her eyes to take a last look at all she held dear on earth, still suffused with emotion, she fell on the seat of the vehicle. Clinging to each other, and praying for the safe return of their beloved mother, were those children of misfortune, found by the benevolent Madame Clairon, who came instantly to them on receiving the sad intelligence. She joined her tears with theirs, and tried to smother them into composure. With aching heart they retired to bed, where, wearied with sorrow, sleep came to lighten the cares of innocence. Sweetly slumbered the offspring of Madame Lambert—not so did their adopted daughters.

Ere the sun had risen, they were assembled in the breakfast-room, and a fresh burst of grief echoed through the apartment at the sight of the vacant chair of their mother. They knelt round Madame Clairon, and with their hands clasped together, and their innocent eyes lifted to heaven, they implored the Giver of all good to restore her quickly to them.

When they arose from their devotions, they first missed Elise—the had not been among them, she had not joined in their prayers. No, she, who had been the most favorite friend of Elise, flew with a beating heart to her chamber, Henrietta, the third daughter, sought her in the garden—but she was not to be found. After a long search, however, a piece of paper was found in her drawer, on which were written the words—"God bless and preserve you, my dear mother; I am going to smother the sorrow which I feel for you; I am going to pay a part of my debt of gratitude which I owe her. Adieu."

The loss of Elise only renewed these afflictive nature. Servants were obliged frequently to stop to enquire for her, whilst those she asked would sometimes tell her kindly, others, with an insolent air, would ask what so pretty a girl did there for. Elise travelled through the day, and at night threw her dusky mantle over her face, and she was obliged to implore the aid of the carriage's wife, who kindly gave her a lodging. The second day, with a heavy heart and a sorrowing heart, she proceeded

on her journey. Overcome with heat and fatigue (for it was in the middle of a very sultry autumn), she was obliged to sit down on a shady bank by the road side, when a peasant came by with his cart, and compassionating her distressed situation, conveyed her as far as the next market-town. When she arrived there, he left her, without money, without friends. How was the lovely girl to get shelter for the night? Where could she seek for sustenance? With a cheek glowing with the blush of humiliation Elise's broken voice requested charity. She only asked for admittance into any place where she might be sheltered from the dews of night. It was refused. Nothing but the language of inhumanity and libertinism wounded her delicate ear, and the harassed girl, with a tottering step, left this man on of insensibility. Perceiving a barn at some little distance from the town, she with difficulty reached it, and throwing herself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner, endeavored to repose her aching limbs. A sleep she could not; fatigue had driven that balm in the afflicted tear from her eyes. She had still some food left, which had been given her by the hospitable cottagers wife; and at dawn of day she arose from her hard pillow, and having put her humble meal, she continued her journey. In the thick dusk of the evening she reached Paris, and having learned where Madame Lambert was confined, she flew to the prison, and with streaming eyes implored admittance. It was denied on pain of death the guards dared not admit her, but used as they were to scenes of affliction, they could not behold the situation of the weeping girl without pity. Madame Lambert was accused of disaffection to the tyrant, and she was not allowed to see any of her friends.

With an almost broken heart Elise left the prison, and, throwing herself on the first step she could find, gave vent to the emotion of her grief. She had wept for some time in silence, unsheathed by the passers by, when a loud voice around her, with repeated exclamations of "the tyrant is coming; he will pass this way." Elise raised her head from her hands; a sudden flash of light flashed across her mind; it was the moment to spring forwards, to burst through the guards, and to fall at the feet of her mother. He stopped. Such a supplicant he never saw. Beautiful in error, she was the exquisite symmetry of her figure, her eyes, which only served to excite desire in the heart of the tyrant which were not to be repelled. He stopped the fainting girl to see if she could rise from the ground, and to break a curse if she were not able to know the cause of her miseries. The compassionate miseries of the tyrant to which Elise was taken, endeavored to pour the balm of comfort into her wounded soul; but even an agony of suspense did she not endure, till she was summoned before the despot. With greedy eyes he surveyed the beautiful child of sorrow, accompanied by the guards, the entered and knelt before him. In the bewitching language of unguessed she shed tears of woe, she brought him a compassion for her mother, her sisters and her self. It was denied; but the soul of Elise sank with vir-

tuous indignation from the conditions on which she was to receive the release of her protectress. Fired by her instantaneous refusal, the Tyrant proceeded to give orders for the immediate execution of Madame Lambert; he repented to the horror-struck Eloise the tortures her mother would endure when expiring on the rack, the feelings of the agonised girl, harrowed up by the horrid recital, could bear no more; Eloise consented. To obtain the liberty of her protectress, she sold herself to the viceroy. The frantic Eloise then flew once more to prison; she showed her passport and was no longer refused admittance. She was conducted to the chamber of Madame Lambert, who was surrounded by her departing children, for the next day had been appointed for her execution. Eloise entered with a shriek of joy they sprang towards her. No sensation of pleasure invaded her bosom, she was indeed dead to every sense of feeling but that of despair. With a vacant eye she surveyed the weeping girls who clung around her, as she presented the dear bought release to Madame Lambert—she tried to speak, but the effort was vain—the cold hand of death lay heavily on her, and with a convulsive groan she sank on the floor. Supported on the affectionate bosom of Gertrude, every method was used to restore her, but the thread of life was broken. The unfortunate victim of affliction breathed no more! no returning life animated her cold form, no fluttering sigh escaped her pallid lip; her martyred spirit had fled to realms of everlasting bliss. The joy which the safety of Madame Lambert would have caused was almost stifled in sorrow at this sad event; mourning they left the prison, bearing with them the corpse of their lamented Eloise. Her remains were interred at Chateau Beauville, the seat of Madame Lambert, who, with her family, being unable to bear the sight of a place which brought so many sad events to their remembrance sold it, and retired to Italy, where, with her children she passed the rest of her days in retirement. A beautiful monument was erected to the memory of their mother's preserver, and a sun never rose that did not see it visited by the affectionate and grateful family of Madame Lambert.

"There is another and a better world."

GENNAUD, a physician, a man of eminence in piety and charity, had in his youth some doubts of the reality of another life. He saw one night in a dream a young man of a celestial figure, who bade him follow him. The apparition led him into a magnificent city, in which his ears were charmed by melodious music, which far exceeded the most exquisite harmony that he had ever heard. To the music from whence proceeded these ravishing sounds, the conductor answered, that they were the strains of heaven, and disappeared. He awoke, and the impression of the dream was diminished by the transactions of the day. The following night, the same young man appeared, and asked whether he recollect him?—The melodious music which he heard last night, answered Gennaud, is now brought again to my memory.—Did you hear them, said the apparition, dreaming or awake? I heard them in a dream. True replied the young man, and our present conversation is a dream; but where is your body, while I am speaking to you? In my chamber. But know you that your eyes are shut, and that you cannot see? My eyes, indeed are shut. How then can you see? Gennaud could make no answer. In your dream, the eyes of your body are closed and useless; but you have others, with which you see me. Thus, after death, although the eyes of your flesh are deprived of sense and motion, you still remain alive, and capable of sight and of hearing by means of your spiritual part. Cease then to entertain a doubt of the great truth of another life after death! By this occurrence, Gennaud affirms that he became a sincere believer in a future state.

AN EXTRACT.

Begin ye fair! adopt the glorious plan;
Reform, and shine, on this reforming day!
And not a soul that bears the name of man,
But pleased, will follow where you lead the way.
Equip yourselves, your spouses, and your rooms,
With lasting fabrics from Columbian looms.
No more when wintry winds in tempest rise,
A chilling damps prevail—no more disease;
No more in garments formed for milder skies,
Start at a cloud, and shudder at a breeze.
But, wrap't in homespun woollen, snug and warm,
Smile at the tempest and enjoy the storm.
With your own hands, the snowy wool prepare;
Bid your sweet prettlers sit assisting by.
Health, Peace, and Pleasure shall repay your care,
And pale disease the happy moment fly—
No painful thought, your midnight hours molest—
But heaven sent visions lead your souls to rest.
CLASSES! 'twas each blooming maid like thee—
The world would ne'er have seen this well meant song,
And our loved country would indeed be free
From those vile shackles the law wore too long.
But sh! she is for like thee here seen to prize
True home bred peace and empty show despise.
'Twas not thy pouting lip, or rosy dye,
Nor breath, when all the beens delighted roved.
Nor the blue languish of thy sparkling eye,
That in my bosom roused the flame of love!
(Yet thou art fair, as Cynthia's softest ray,
More sweet, more lovely, than the new born day)
No, no, my fair one! 'twas substantial merit,
Thy mind—by forthright pride ne'er led astray,
Thy economic—thy industrious spirit—
Thy love of homespun bore my heart away—
(Let not this well earned praise offend thy ear,
By truth dictated and esteem sincere)

A WIFE AND A FRIEND.

Let the great and the rich extol honor and fame,
And waste away life in pursuit of a name,
But unweary'd with the cares of tumult and strife,
I'm content with a friend and a fond loving wife.
The splendid rags of honor and wealth,
The nightly delirium, the destroyer of health,
May spread their altarcloths, but 'twould be deemed
Fruitless to be content with a wife and a friend.
Some fondly imagine when wealth is acquired,
To obtain every wish which their hearts had desired;
But when all is obtained, which wealth can bestow,
Still pale disappointment is enshrined on their brow.
The Shepherd who roves in pursuit of the flock,
And leaves himself down on the point of some rock,
To gaze on his herds as he moves best by far,
Is bedeck'd with a garb of star.
We should seek for a glittering toy,
To lead our judgments, our senses destroy,
And happiness springs from contentment alone,
From a fond loving wife and a friend of home.
Winter's keen blasts deform yonder hearth,
The wind sings in crannies the loud sound of death;
But with the north wind in torrents descend,
I am content with a wife and a friend.

RELIGION.

Man, the tenant of a day,
Rises, like the transient sun—
Evening drives the beam away,
And his doubtful race is run.
While upon this earthly ball
He wanders he doesn't roam—
Clinging to men as they fall,
Near him to his final home.
But, again a blessed rest,
What bright gem to man is given?
The Religion's peaceful sweet,
That secures a rest in Heaven!
Let us haste then to prepare
For a sure reception there.

In the year 1760, an old Indian at St. Paul, in Canada, whose son having to maintain his father by hunting, went out in the winter of that year, and was gone till Spring; hunting being over, he returned, but during his absence, his father had been immediately to the Priest to know if his father was out of Purgatory with a large bundle of furs on his back, enclosed in a fine Indian belt, the priest made answer, that no money had been offered to his father, and that he was still in the state of sin. The Indian then took his furs, and taking off the belt, he gave a quantity of the furs to the priest, then asked the Priest what was enough the Priest withdrew, and having prayed and told the Indian it was not enough, the Indian then told down a quantity more and the Priest cried as before and returned, and said that that was not enough and that his father was not through, upon which the Indian laid on, the whole of his father's furs, the Priest then retired to pray the next time, and returned, and told the Indian his father was entirely through, upon this, the Indian flew to the fur-trapped it on his shoulder and flew out of the door, the Priest running to the door cried upon the Indian if he did not try to do so, he would bring his father back the Indian replied, "Ah, my father is a very cunning man when he gets in one and he put up one stick, he know that place, he come there again."

In one of the vaults of the grand Cathedral of York in England, the remains of several famous noble family of that place were deposited. Among the coat these entombed, lies upon a slab near the side of this vault, in a large leather coffin, the remains of Sir John Caff, with this inscription upon stone in the side of the wall, directly over them is laid:

Here lies the body of Sir John Caff,
Late three times Lord Mayor of the city of York,
Honour, honor, honor!!

A humorous gentleman from the state of Vermont (New England) on his travels through that country whose curiosity led him to pay a visit to that place some few years since, upon reaching the shop of a bookbinder, took his pencil from his pocket, and drew under, wrote the following lines:

Oh cruel death, more subtle than a thief,
That wouldst not let this Caff become a thief,
To browse among the bibles and the thorns,
And wear among his brethren
Mortals horns, horns!!

WHAT IS MY BIBLE WORTH?

Was a question which occurred to my mind last evening, this holy book: in one sense it is a small volume only as shillings did I give for it, but I consider the workman ship—the reason of its binding, I could not but admire the manufacturer, did not grudge the price—but this answer would be sufficient, the question still continues,—

WHAT IS MY BIBLE WORTH?

When I consider that it contains the most ancient and beautiful history of Kings and Prophets, and of remarkable events—the word of the sweet promise of Israel—the points instructions of Solomon—the promises of holy men in the Gospel of Christ, the way of salvation by Him, and the sweet doctrine of the Apostles—Of the worth of it is beyond comparison—Nothing on earth can compare with it. The scriptures are able to make the wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, each that, and that Heaven can equal the worth of these divine scriptures.

A Tutorial of the present day asserts, that the divine oracles of St. Giles, a large Newfoundland fish, is kept on purpose to walk round the table for the guests to wipe their fingers upon.

A Gentleman, who was rudely driven off the pavement by some soldiers, said he never before so rudely demonstrated the distinction between the terms of military.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 3, 1811.

Fire. On Thursday evening about 7 o'clock the back building of the house No. 8 William street, was nearly destroyed by fire; and the front door considerably injured. The house was occupied by Mrs. Snyckler, who with her family, were on a visit. Mr. Louis Kuyman, merchant, occupied the back building (where five or six families resided) as a counting room and store, and has lost goods to a considerable amount. Mr. D. Wetherapoon, merchant, occupied the front store, but his goods were saved with some damage. The house, which belongs to Mr. Robert Brown, and the goods in it were insured.

Gaz.

EARTHQUAKE!

A slight shock of an Earthquake was felt at Bridgeport, on Monday evening last, a few minutes past 6 o'clock. A loud rumbling noise was heard, and several houses were sensibly perceptibly to shake, but no report distinguished.

West Chester, Dec. 26.

Robbery.—Some evening last week as Mr. James Robins, of this county, was returning from Philadelphia home, he was assaulted and knocked off his horse, by two footpads, on the West Chester road, near Hamilton village, who took from him eight hundred dollars; it is said, from the appearance of the contusions received by Mr. Robins, upon his breast, they might have been done by the muzzle of a gun, violently thrust against him. The injury he received from these fellows has prevented Mr. Robins at last, from getting home.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

At Providence, R. I. some old buildings on the west side of the river.—At Sterling, (Conn.) a cotton factory, with all its contents—lost 20,000 dollars.

The celebrated authoress Madame de Staël, having received orders to quit France, and being pressed to make Castel, Munich, or the United States of America her future residence, she chose the latter, and has arrived at Havre de Grace, for the purpose of taking her passage.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 1.

Wheat.—It is a fact not a single ear of wheat in some parts of Ohio, is so congenial to these mischievous little animals, as to produce them in sufficient numbers to destroy whole fields of corn. I have seen several fields east of the Little Miami, bearing nothing but weeds and alien stalks of corn—on enquiry, I learned that the seed had been destroyed by the mice after sowing. The same is observed in many other parts of Ohio, and the Indiana Territory. I was informed that they had attacked several fields of ripe corn, this fall, and had nearly destroyed some of them. A young man told me, that he and his brother killed above 800 in one night; and that a family in his neighbourhood killed upwards of 100 in the same time. A very respectable person told me also, that by having a torch in the evening to a length of

twelve feet he could catch them with his fingers, and set as he could and and throw them into a corner, and he did not shut but he could fill a basket with them in an hour. All these facts were abundantly corroborated by the relation of many others as well as by my own observations.

But they are chiefly confined to such gravelly soils, are covered with brush timber, the most of which is the favorite food, and that which produces it, best adapted to their subtle rancious dwellings.

Two men who were carrying negroes to New Orleans for sale, encamped last night near Fincastle in the state of Virginia. The negroes rose upon them and with clubs beat them to death, and concealed the bodies in a hole. The negroes were taken up in a neighbouring county and brought to Fincastle, where one of them made a confession of the whole affair, and gave direction for having the bodies of the deceased. Upon search being immediately made the bodies were found, but in such a mangled state, that it was impossible to ascertain more than that they were remains of human beings—Two murderers are now in Fincastle jail.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A new mode of raising the wind.

The village of Croydon was lately visited by a man, who had in his hand a small casket, containing a considerable number of packets, neatly sealed up which he offered for sale, remarking that they contained a powder that was a sovereign remedy against the existence of rats, wherever it was properly administered. Several persons attracted by the vender's cries, and no doubt annoyed by the troublesome vermin to which he alluded, approached him, and asked the price of his packets, to which he replied, they are only sixpence each. He was then asked in what manner the dose was to be applied, but he prudently declined giving his instructions until the Medicine was bought. The price not being very high, he soon procured a numerous body of purchasers, and having at length emptied his basket, and pocketed the cash, he informed his credulous customers, that the last mode of administering the powder contained in the paper would be, to watch until the rats were asleep, and then to pour a quantity into their ears, the consequence of which he observed, would be certain death. Having given this important information, he walked off, leaving his auditors in the utmost astonishment in finding themselves thus duped. On opening the packets they were found to contain some excellent SAND!

The Ladies have just now adopted a repulsive kind of hat, which may be called the **POUNCE HAT**; it is a long projection, like the beak of a snipe, and is a good guard against a familiar approach of those who have any regard for their eyes. It is an invention inspired by the Goddess of Ugliness, and is quite worthy of its origin.

A man lately employed in repairing the interior part of a large dash-wheel, near Keyport, moor; and while his body was engaged in one of the compartments, a ladder, either from mischievous accident, let off the water, set the wheel in motion, and ran away, leaving the poor fellows carcass to be buried about almost to suffocation. After suffering all the horrors of this revolutionary situation for nearly ten minutes, the wheel was fortunately stopped, and the wretched half-drowned victim taken out at nearly a last gasp.

COURT OF HYMEN.

The peach-tree, in the early spring, how amiable, how lovely! Its leaves, how sweet with flowers! Oh! how delightful!

Such is the new married bride, when she passeth into the house of her husband, where she doleth out their portion to the domestics, And discharges every duty to him and his family.

MARRIAGE.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John Mott, of the firm of Mott and Williams, of this city, to Miss Joanna Downing, of Jericho, Long Island.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. George Stanton, of the house of Augustus Wynn, and Co. to Miss Sophia Avery, niece of Jonathan Little Esq. all of this city.

On the same day, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Newark, New Jersey, to Miss Mary S. Walms, of Hartford, Connecticut.

On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Schermerman, Mr. David Andress to Miss Idaiana, both of Somerset, Jersey.

At Toronto, on the 8th of Nov. last, Dr. John Van Buren, of this city to Miss Eliza Turnbull, daughter of the Hon. William Turnbull late president of the British Virgin Islands.

MORTALITY.

How populous, how vital, is the grave! This is creation's melancholy vault. The vale funeral, the sad sepulchre! The land of apparitions, empty shades!

DIED.

On Saturday last, Mr. John James, in the 28th year of his age.

On Monday last, of a lingering illness, the Rev. Abraham L. Clarke, aged 42 years.

On Tuesday last, of a short illness, Mrs. Eliza Bingham, wife of Mr. John Bingham, in the 51st year of her age.

At New-Town, Long Island on Monday 31st of December, of a lingering illness, Miss Jane Remsen, daughter of Mr. Simon Remsen.

At Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner, widow of the late Governor Sumner.

At Halifax, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Caverly, widow of the late Anthony Caverly.

At his seat, at Lathgow, on the 23d ult. in the 42d year of his age, Henry W. Livingston, esq.

On Monday last at Middletown, Mr. Uriah Blough, eldest son of Mr. W. Blough, formerly Merchant, of this City, Deceased.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY, ROBERT STREET.

April 14 Two doors from Pearl-Street 1104—

MRS. GIBSON,

Dress, Pelisse and Corset maker, late of London.

Respectfully informs the Ladies of New-York, she has commenced the above business, on the most reasonable terms at

No 36 Cedar-Street near Greenwich-Street, N. B. An Apprentice wanted.

December 29 3148—28

An elegant Harp for sale. Will be sold low. Apply at 35 Hulsbroust street, December 13 3150—28

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

Through the long morning I have toil'd,
O'er heath and breezy wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen,
The fearful game pursued.
But deeper now the path'ring clouds,
Collect along the sky,
And, faint and weary, warm my steps
Their homeward course to him.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her gray and vapoury veil,
I mark again the sacred tower
I pass'd in yonder dale,
A little white, and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height,
And then, perhaps, my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah! now I see the smoke ascend
From forth the glittering thatch,
Now my heart beats at every step,
And now I hit the latch!—
Now, starting from my bleating hearth,
My little children bound,
And loud with shrill and clamorous joy
Their happy steps surround!

How sweet, when night first wraps the world
Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at rest,
And think on all the labours past,
That morn's bright hours employ'd—
While all that toil and danger seem'd
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scenes,
Lone coast, whistling storm,
Seen now, in Mom's milkyway eve,
To wear a softer form;
And while my wand'ring thoughts
As forth the nut brown ale,
My dame, and little laughing tribe,
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft-enchanted slumbers calm—
My heavy eyelids close,
And on my humble bed I sink
To most profound repose.
Save that, by fits, the soft-eyed day
Come glancing on my sight,
And touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Scenes visions of delight.

THE CONFESSION.

Few ship, my dear Mary, which spreads her white sail
Is ready to waft me away far from here;
Shall a sigh from thy bosom be borne on the gale?
Shall the wave which pursues us, be mix'd with a tear!

Oh say, shall I think on thee still with devotion?
Will thou suffer my image to dwell in thy heart?
Oh say, shall our sight meet and live on the deep,
Then return to our breasts, fond'd joy to impart!

From her quivering lips trembl'd "No," in reply,
And she turn'd an arch smile on her cheek to appear,
But the "No" which she uttered, was wrapp'd in a sigh
And through the smile on her cheek, there glis-
ten'd a tear.

In vain she attempted, to cherish conceal'd
Tears, she wish'd and yet was unwilling to own,
For her face, every heart, becoming Love held his
There
Till the breeze which so

For, too sweet, it carries, you he'll sail to swell,
Should you love, may you never, like me, lose a tear,
May you meet a return: crust Mary, farewell!

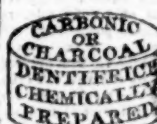
I saw that her bosom, with anguish, was swelling,
She extended her hand—and I press'd it in mine,
While the tears, which flow'd fast, her sweet secret
were telling.
She sunk on my bosom and said—"I am thine."

THE GODDESS OF CONSUMPTION

MAKING A FAIR VICTIM FOR HER OWN

Lines from Remains of H. K. White,

IN the dismal night air drear,
I will creep into her breast,
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes—
When they sparkle most she dies;
Mother do not trust her breath—
Comfort she will breathe in death;
Father, do not strive to save her—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed,
The winding sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must tell her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie.
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has disflower'd her eye.



JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Nippon ultra glasses, with three blades, also magnifying and refined steel of a fine quality. I gently men portable having cases, and ladies and gentlemen. I prepared a series of different sizes for sale by Stationer and Smith Chemical Perfumery from London, at the Golden Store No 130 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual, with many other too numerous to mention. Royal and Antique for cutting glass thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its falling—chemical cosmetic wash balls for face, chest and all over clean and prevent the skin from chapping, rub of cream for smelling bottles. Smiles improved chemical milk of roses. Smith's permanent grease for thickening the hair, violet soap. Smiles tooth paste was made with his superfine white hair powder violet rose. 36 Smith's royal soap for washing the skin. Smith's highly improved and red soft pomatum. Smith's balsamic hair oil. Smith's lotion for the teeth his perfumery. Alpine shaving cake, made on chemical principle to keep the operation of shaving. Smith's celebrated extra plaster. Glass window and cotton. Garters, all of lemon for taking out iron mottles. Laces and gentlemen's neckties. The best guaranteed concave curved elastic hair scrubs. Shaving boxes. Penicillin scissors to remove head and hair. Comb and smelling bottles. Green allowances to those who buy to sell again. Tooth Powder and opiate black tooth and all brushes. Vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender calque. Honey honey rose. Josselyn. Can be used and put. Face water. Shaving powder—mouth plaster. See also. My clients supplied wholesale for exportation.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND GISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. O. D. Blinds removed and mounted in the neatest manner. Curtains made, and put in the ground and warranted tight by
C. ALFORD,
No. 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house.

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his tour in Europe, and has resumed the practice of his profession, at No. 25 William street, opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject; he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth are considered by many too difficult for extraction as given his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that renders them, not only useful, but secure and undetectable in appearance.

Tarar which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of a celebrated Surgeon of Paris, that are perfectly safe, and discover the decayed purpose.

His anti-scurbic Elixir and Dentifrice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

PLAYING CARDS

Best American, and English Playing Cards, by the Pack or dozen, For sale at No. 3, Park-st.

MRS. FAYLOR

Disrespectfully informs her Friends and the Public, that she intends opening an Academy, No. 25 William street, for the instruction of Young Ladies, on Monday October 22 in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work. She desires her Friend and Acquaintance on her part shall be willing to facilitate their improvement.

October 27 1838-19

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office.

MANUFACTURING, &c.

A young woman who is mistress of the Manicuring and Nails Coat business, takes this method to inform the Ladies, that she will be willing to employ by the day or by the family—resides at Duncannon, corner of Madison,
November 10 1838-3

SALVE FOR SALE

The Salve formerly known by the name of Justice Family Salve, and sometime since sold by Mr. John Lawrence and Mrs. Mary Lamb, is now to be had by applying to Jonathan Lyng, No. 77, Read-street,
December 2 1838-8

HUTCHINSON'S Improved and Woods' Amalgams for 1811, by the gross, dozen or single out.

New Novels &c. for sale at this Office.

Scottish Chiefs

Don Quixote

Can be in search of a Wife

Aladdin's Wonderful

Draco of Venice

Lessons

Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO,

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER AN-